

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

A Thirty Something Woman Ashworth Valley – Heywood Rochdale Road Haunting Manifestation A black animal either a dog or a large cat was seen running across this road followed by a woman in her thirties. The animal disappeared into a wall, and the woman vanished as a car braked hard to avoid hitting her.

In the small town of Ashworth Valley, nestled between Heywood and Rochdale, an eerie incident unfolded on a quiet evening. It was a time when the veil between the living and the spirit world seemed unusually thin.

As dusk settled upon the sleepy town, a lone car traversed the winding road that cut through the heart of the valley. The driver's attention was suddenly drawn to a swift movement ahead—a black figure darting across the road. At first glance, it appeared to be either a large cat or a dog, its shadowy form blending seamlessly with the fading light. Behind the mysterious creature, a woman in her thirties emerged, her eyes filled with determination as she gave chase. Her dark hair flowed behind her as she ran, matching the intensity of her pursuit. It was as if she and the creature were connected by an invisible bond, their fates intertwined.

Gasps escaped from the driver's lips as the animal reached the opposite side of the road and vanished into a solid brick wall. Disbelief filled the air as the impossible occurred before their eyes. The woman, however, did not slow her pace. Her steps carried her straight towards the same wall, undeterred by its solid presence.

As the car approached, the driver slammed on the brakes, their heart pounding in their chest. Time seemed to slow as the vehicle screeched to a halt, mere inches away from the mysterious woman. But to the driver's astonishment, she did not make contact with the car. Instead, she vanished into thin air, dissipating like a wisp of smoke.

Silence enveloped the road, broken only by the sound of the driver's heavy breathing. Confusion and a sense of foreboding lingered in the air. What had just transpired? Was it a trick of the light, a figment of the imagination?

Word of the incident spread like wildfire through the tight-knit community, capturing the imagination of the townsfolk. Some dismissed it as a collective hallucination, a result of fatigue or the mind playing tricks. But others couldn't shake the feeling that something more profound had occurred—a haunting manifestation of a tormented soul trapped between realms.

In the days that followed, the locals began sharing stories of encounters with the black animal and the woman. Each account carried the same eerie undertone—a sense of unresolved anguish and a desperate pursuit of something unknown.

As the community delved into its history, a tale from the past resurfaced, woven into the very fabric of Ashworth Valley. It was said that decades ago, a woman in her thirties had met a tragic end on that very road. The details were shrouded in mystery, but her spirit was rumored to roam the area, forever chasing after the spectral form of her beloved pet. Whether the sightings were a reflection of a restless spirit or a collective yearning for closure, the truth remained elusive. Some sought solace in the belief that the woman had finally found peace, her spirit reconciled with the ethereal presence that had eluded her for so long.

Over time, the stories of the black animal and the woman in her thirties became part of Ashworth Valley's folklore, a cautionary tale passed down through the generations. Travelers passing through would hear whispers of the haunting manifestation, prompting them to drive cautiously along that winding road, their eyes scanning for any glimpse of the spectral duo.

And so, Ashworth Valley carried on, with its secrets and mysteries, forever touched by the ethereal encounter that had unfolded on that fateful evening. The town remained a place where the boundaries between the living and the departed blurred, a reminder that

the supernatural could lurk just beyond the confines of perception.

By Donald Jay